MEMORIAL

OF

REV. J. G. BERGEN, D. D.

Formerly Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Madison, New Jersey, and of the First Presbyterian church in Springfield, Illinois.

INCLUDING THE

FUNERAL SERMON, BY REV. J. A. REED,

AND A

BIOGRAPHICAL DISCOURSE,

BY REV. FRED. H. WINES.

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BIOGRAPHICAL DISCOURSE

BY

REV. FRED. H. WINES.

REV. xiv. 13.—"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

The Rev. Dr. Bergen, whose death we this day deplore, and with whose afflicted family we have met to mingle our grief, was born on the 27th of November, 1790, at Hightstown, Middlesex County, ten miles east of Princeton, New Jersey.

His parents' names were George I. Bergen and Rebecca Combs. George I. Bergen was a descendant of the Bergen family of Norway, and Rebecca Combs of the Combs family of Scotland.

The Bergen who first emigrated to this country was a single man, a ship builder by trade. He came over the seas in one of Commodore Hudson's ships, in the year 1621. In the year 1635, he married the first white woman that was ever born in the province of New Netherlands. She was a daughter of Huguenot parents, who had fled from the bloody Papal persecutions in France.

Dr. Bergen's mother was a daughter of Jonathan Combs, an aged elder in the Presbyterian church of Cranberry, New Jersey, and a magistrate and judge of the court, a man held in honor by all who knew him. His ancestors came from Scotland in the old ship Caledonia, which brought the first emigrants flee-

ing from the persecution under Archbishop Sharp and the dragoon Claverhouse to this new world.

The original source, under God, of all Dr. Bergen's power, was the devoted piety of his parents, and their careful culture of his moral nature. His appreciation of their fidelity in after years was exceedingly tender. He was consecrated to the ministry by his mother, even before his birth. The Rev. G. S. Woodhull was his pastor, a silent man, except in the pulpit, but whose preaching and catechetical instruction inspired in young Bergen's heart an unusual affection. The church—one of the oldest meeting-houses in New Jersey, at that time—stood near where the sainted Brainerd began his missionary labors among the Indians. It was open for preaching, by appointment of the presbytery, one week day, and the boy, then twelve years old, strolled into the gallery, where he sat alone and listened to a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Rue, a one-armed man, from the text, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." The picture which Mr. Rue drew of the love of God in Christ so melted the boy's young heart, that he arose from his seat and stood as if entranced, while his tears dropped upon the floor. He left the house, rejoicing in his Redeemer, but said not a word concerning his experience to any one. His father, however, had seen his emotion, and asked him, some days afterward, what made him stand? He replied that he did not know that he did, and then opened to him his whole heart. At the next communion he was admitted to membership in the church, and made a public profession of his faith before the congregation, when he was yet so small that he had to mount upon a platform, in order to be seen and heard. That gallery was to him, ever after, the most sacred spot on earth, for there God enthroned himself in his understanding and affections.

Dr. Bergen's education began at Cranberry, in the parochial academy, under the Rev. Mr. Campbell. A few years later, when his father, under the pressure of business perplexities, removed to Somerset county, he attended the academy at Basking Ridge, presided over by Dr. Finley, in which the Rev. Philip Lindsley, afterwards president of the university of Nashville, was tutor. Dr. Finley was the father of the colonization move-

ment, a scheme kindly meant, but impossible of execution, as the event has shown, to which, nevertheless, Dr. Bergen gave his life-long adherence; so deep were the impressions made upon his mind in his youth. Mr. Lindsley first awakened in him a taste for reading, by putting in his hands the Arabian Nights, then Don Quixote, then Gil Blas; and afterward more solid books—Ramsey's American Revolution, Marshall's Life of Washington, Gillie's History of Greece, Anicharses' Travels, Ferguson's Roman Republic, Rollin's History, Plutarch's Lives, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Robertson's Charles V., Mexico, and South America, and other works of similar character.

In 1806, he entered the junior class at Princeton college. Here the ridicule heaped upon two pious young men, nick-named Daddy P—— and Daddy W——, whose room he shared at first, led him to change to another, occupied by men of dissipated habits, where he was sorely tempted to take the first step in a career of vice; but was delivered by the interference of one of the party, who cried shame upon the rest. In the spring of 1807, a rebellion, which lasted three days, broke out in the college, in which nearly all the students participated, but by an accidental, or rather by a providential, absence from his room, young Bergen escaped even so much as a solicitation to take part in it. During the latter half of his senior year, in consequence of unceasing and excessive application to study, he fell into spiritual darkness and thought of abandoning his choice of the ministerial profession. From this distress and doubt he was only relieved by rest, medicine, and an entire change of scene.

Samuel Stanhope Smith, the president of the college, during Mr. Bergen's connection with it, held certain views concerning the freedom of the will, which were unacceptable to the thorough-going Calvinists of our Church; and the synod of New York and New Jersey advised students of divinity to repair to the Rev. Dr. Woodhull, of Monmouth, for instruction and training. This was before the day of theological seminaries and educational societies. Dr. Woodhull preached in the old Tennent meeting-house, where Brainerd and Whitefield had preached before him; and he lived in the parsonage, which had been occupied by Lord Cornwallis, as his headquarters, during the battle of Monmouth,

in the revolution. His method of teaching was by written questions, to which written answers were required—the answers to be prepared by a thorough examination of standard works on church history and theology. The theme of Dr. Woodhull's most impressive exhortations to the students under his care was the duty of ministers to *know nothing else*, save Jesus Christ and him crucified. The influence of Drs. Finley and Woodhull, as will presently be seen, gave color to Dr. Bergen's entire subsequent career.

In March, 1810, Mr. Bergen was appointed tutor in Princeton college, an honor which he declined at first, but was subsequently induced to accept. In the discharge of the duties of the position, he derived much assistance from a wise counsel of Dr. Woodhull —"let your commands be reasonable; and when given, inflexible!" While tutor, he sat in the gallery of the Princeton church and heard the Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, in 1811, deliver the address at his installation as first professor in Princeton Theological Seminary. With the theological students and a few other young men, he attended the weekly Sunday-night prayer-meeting in Dr. Alexander's parlor.

In 1811, he was licensed to preach, by the presbytery of New Brunswick. In September, 1812, he resigned his tutorship, to enter upon the duties of the sacred calling. On the following Saturday, with a letter of introduction in his pocket, he set out for Madison, New Jersey, then called Bottle Hill, forty miles from Princeton, and twenty miles west of New York City. The deacon to whom his letter was addressed made his appearance unshaved, in shirt sleeves and bare feet, but treated him kindly. He found four villages in the congregation, which embraced fifteen hundred souls and two hundred communicants. It was a very compact settlement, covering about four miles square, and was one of the oldest, largest congregations in the presbytery. Its position in the presbytery was central. In four or five hours' ride, one could be at any place where presbytery ordinarily met, and there meet more than thirty ministers belonging to it. Mr. Bergen preached on Sunday; a congregational meeting was called for Monday; on Tuesday, one of the elders came to Princeton, and after making such inquiries as he saw fit, an official letter

was placed in Mr. Bergen's hands on Wednesday, informing him that it was the unanimous desire of the congregation that he should consider himself a candidate for settlement. He returned to Madison, spent two sabbaths and the intervening week there, was called to the pastorate, and on the first Monday of December, the presbytery of Jersey met at Morristown, four miles from Madison, to examine him for ordination.

The differences of opinion and sentiment which led, in 1837, to the division of the Presbyterian church, now happily reunited, had even then begun to manifest themselves. In New England, the type of Calvinism known as Hopkinsianism was rife. Some of the Hopkinsians insisted, that before a man can be saved, he must be willing to be damned; some said that a man can as easily change his heart as plough his field. The New England theology, as it was called, was making progress in New York City, in Western New York, and in East Jersey, but had scarcely penetrated into the presbytery of New Brunswick. There had been a struggle in the General Assembly between the two parties, the Hopkinsians and their opponents, for the nomination of theological professor in the seminary at Princeton, which resulted in the choice of Dr. Archibald Alexander; and a few years later, the other party founded the seminary at Auburn, independent of the General Assembly. Upon this question the presbytery of New Brunswick and the old Jersey presbytery were in a manner pitted against each other; and ministers could not pass from one to the other without undergoing the ordeal of very close questioning. Mr. Bergen, as has been said, was a licentiate of New Brunswick presbytery. The presbytery of Jersey, on proceeding to his trial for ordination, assigned him as a theme for his latin exegesis one of the most exciting topics of the day, and as a text for his ordination sermon, Romans viii. 1: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." In the sermon, Mr. Bergen took up all the points in dispute and treated them controversially. After an hour in criticism and canvass of the sermon, the presbytery proceeded, before voting upon the question of sustaining, to the examination upon theology and casuistry, which lasted from three o'clock on Monday afternoon until a late hour in the night, and

was not closed until four o'clock the next day. Whether the sacrifice of Christ was penal in its nature, and whether sinners under conviction of sin ought to be directed to pray, were two of the points most debated—Mr. Bergen holding the affirmative of both questions. One would say: "The sinner can't pray;" and another would insist that "the sacrifice of the wicked is abomination to the Lord:" but to every inquiry Mr. Bergen replied in the same words, "I would direct him to *pray*." In his written account of the exciting scene, he remarks, "You may as well attempt to stop the north winds from blowing, as to stop the cries of a soul awakened to see its lost condition. It will cry to God! to an invisible Saviour! It is the language of instinct, in this world of grace and hope. The man who will not cry to God for help is not a convinced sinner! If he professes to be, and presses his case on you, his inquiries are mere cavils out of a proud heart." The ultimate result was, that his examination was sustained, and he was ordained February 17, 1813, but not without some misgivings on the part of the leaders of the presbytery.

From the commencement of his ministry at Madison, he greatly desired a revival of religion in the church. He had never witnessed a revival; but Madison was revival ground. An era of revivals, dating from the labors of the Rev. James McGready, in North Carolina, in 1795, marked the beginning of this century, in the United States. In 1797, under the influence of threats against his life, McGready removed to Logan county, Kentucky, and an extraordinary work of grace began, which spread over that entire region, and of which many accounts have been published. In early boyhood, Mr. Bergen heard of these revivals through the private letters of friends addressed to his mother. In 1807, when Dr. Perrine, afterward a professor in Auburn seminary, was pastor at Madison, the Rev. Dr. Blackburn, after whom Blackburn seminary, at Carlinville, is named, passed through that region, on his way to New England, bearing the unction of that mighty outpouring of God's Spirit in Kentucky and Tennesee, and after a "four days' meeting" of Jersey presbytery in the Madison church, one of the most remarkable and extensive revivals of religion occurred, on record in our country. This was five or six years before Mr. Bergen's coming.

He asked counsel of his older brethren in the ministry, who advised him to preach Christ crucified, repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He commenced a round of earnest labor. He spent one day every week in pastoral visitation, accompanied by an elder. Once a month, he catechised the children of the church. On Saturday night, he held a weekly prayer-meeting in the academy. He had about thirty written sermons when he was ordained, but he did not depend upon them, except as a reserve, in case of necessity. On the first Sabbath of December, 1814, at the close of the first year of his ministry, a revival occurred, which lasted for five months, and resulted in the addition of sixty-nine members to the church, on profession of their faith, on the first sabbath of the following May.

Trial was mingled with mercy, in this pastorate. One of the leading members of the congregation refused to attend his ministry, because some years before the pews had been rented, contrary to his sense of right. One of the elders of the church, after disputing with him in season and out of season, whether sinners ought to be directed to pray, claimed the right to be consulted as to what he shonld or should not preach, and endeavored to stir up dissension, because the claim was resisted. Mr. Bergen's political sentiments were in opposition to those of his flock, and his exercising the right of suffrage at a presidential election created a terrible commotion. But he held steadily on his way, growing in influence and power, all the while.

In the year 1819, a second revival of religion visited the church; and a third in 1821–22,—a work of grace of suprising magnitude and interest.

In the autumn of 1821, the churches were in such a languishing condition, that a day of solemn inquiry, fasting, humiliation and prayer was appointed by the presbytery of Jersey, in the church at Madison, in the latter part of November. After the presbyterial meeting, special services were held in different parts of the congregation for about four months; when, in March, the interest suddenly increased, until from five to seven hundred persons assembled night after night, flocking to the appointed place before sunset, and this continued through the summer. The

meetings were kept up during the harvest and haying. A hundred souls were gathered into the church as the fruit of this revival. The year following was a year of revivals. The Boston Recorder, in 1824, stated the number of revivals reported from September 1st, 1822, to September 1st 1823, at four hundred and seven, of which two hundred and thirty-seven were in Presbyterian and Congregational churches.

At the close of the meetings, it was evident that a new meeting-house must be built, without further delay. An attempt to build had been made several times already, but led to such a contest for the location between the rival villages, that it had been abandoned. The former efforts originated at congregational meetings; the new one with the board of trustees.

Mr. Bergen's diary, for more than three months, is filled with references to the struggle which now ensued. A division of the church and the establishment of the church in Chatham village were the result. The summer of 1823 was devoted to preparation for building; in 1824, the corner stone, with Mr. Bergen's name upon it, was laid, on the 18th of May; and on the 18th of May, 1825, the new church was dedicated, with much rejoicing; though the pastor noted with regret an increase of the spirit of pride among his people, which showed itself in a change of style in dress and manners, and in envy and strife after the highest seats in the synagogue.

Without dwelling longer upon this part of our venerated father's life, the memory of which was to him indescribably precious, let us consider the causes which led him to turn his footsteps to the west. These were two. First, trouble in the church at Madison, occasoned by an unruly spirit, remarkably converted during a sermon in the new church on "they hated me without a cause," a man full of zeal and of spiritual self-conceit. He was the son of an elder then dead; himself about forty years of age, and the head of a large family. He had much to say of his own religious experience; would go from house to house, talking with many tears on the subject of religion; attempted to preach whenever he had an opportunity; rose up one night in the Masonic lodge and called his friends there to repentance; and often prayed in secret so loud, that his voice could be distinctly heard at a distance of

more than half a mile. He was a good man, but an enthusiast, who lacked ordinary discretion. This man insisted, in 1826, that Mr. Bergen should invite a lay exhorter, named Carpenter, from the presbytery of North River, to hold a meeting in his church; and urged his piety and success elsewhere with so much earnestness, that consent was given to his coming, though Mr. Bergen would not invite him. The meeting resulted in twenty professions of conversion, which did not satisfy our friend, who immediately set himself to work to find the Achan in the camp. He never thought of himself, but exhorted the young converts to try to come up to *his* mark and try to excel *him.* When asked by a skeptic, "Do you believe there is a heaven?" He replied, "Yes I do, for I have been there." Finally, he decided that the pastor of the church was Achan. Such a man can do much harm in any congregation, even where, as in this case, the majority disapprove his course. The night before Mr. Bergen's resignation, unknown to him, a great meeting was held in the Academy, to rebuke the mischief-maker. Had he known it, he might never have left New Jersey.

The other cause, which turned his thoughts westward, was the removal of his relatives to Kentucky and Illinois. His uncle, old Major Conover, left the state in 1790, the year of Dr. Bergen's birth, and was one of the first settlers of Woodford county, Ky. From there he removed, in 1821, with his connexion, to Jersey Prairie, in Morgan county, Illinois, where he is believed to have cut the first sapliug. This family were all Baptists. In May, 1818, after the close of our second war with England, financial reverses consequent upon the inundation of British goods, led Dr. Bergen's father to remove to Kentucky, with nine sons and daughters and their families, whence they accompanied Major Conover to Jersey Prairie. There, after the death of his father, his mother became the wife of the Rev. W. Kenner, a Baptist preacher from Virginia, who was an agent under Dr. Peck for raising funds and building the Rock Spring Seminary, out of which Shurtleff college grew, at Alton. On the removal of the family from New Jersey, Dr. Bergen accompanied them two days' journey, and parted from them at a place called *New Hope*, saying to his mother, "Let us part in hope—*New Hope*—

that it may please God some day to direct my steps to follow you thither."

Without going further into detail, it is enough to say that the agitation in the assembly of 1828, of which he was a member, when it was decided to organize church boards, and a visit from his mother during that summer, hastened his decision. On the 17th of August, he gave notice of his intention to ask permission of presbytery to resign his pastoral charge. In spite of great opposition on the part of the congregation at first, and renewed opposition by members of the presbytery, especially on the part of Dr. McDowell of Elizabethtown, presbytery dissolved the pastoral relation, September 10th. On Monday, the 22d, in the presence of an assembled multitude of the congregation, many of whom followed him for ten miles, before they could say farewell, he took his departure for Illinois. His parents rode in their own dearborn; he and his wife, with one child, in a new gig; the remaining children in a travelling carriage, driven by a cousin, a candidate for the ministry, who needed the trip for his health. His library and other goods had gone before him, across the mountains, in a heavy wagon, to Wheeling.

Let us pause a moment. We who are younger cannot easily conceive the social and physical condition of our country at that early day, when there were only twenty-seven states, and our national population was less than thirteen millions. The great northern and southern mail, between New York and Philadelphia, then passed his father's door three times a week, in a stage, poorer and less comfortable than a fish wagon in New Jersey, to-day. While he was at college, Fulton stood begging the legislatures of New York and New Jersey, year after year in vain, for an appropriation for a small boat in which to try his newly invented steam engine. While he was studying his profession, the whole country laughed to scorn the projected great Northern Erie Canal, and called it, in derision, *Clinton's Big Ditch*, saying that the Czar of Russia could not finish it in a hundred years. During the war, while the British infested the seaboard, nearly all the commerce and munitions of war between the great cities of New York and Philadelphia had to be transported by land, over almost impassable roads; and the New Jersey legislature could not be per-

suaded to give Mr. McCullah and a few other far-seeing men the privilege of cutting the Delaware and Raritan Canal, only thirty miles long, until the cannon announced the mingling of the waters of the the lakes with the brine of the Atlantic. I remember hearing my father say that the farmers objected, on the ground that the canal would destroy the demand for horses. There were only two small railroad tracks in the country, in 1828; one of them at Mauch Chunk, to convey the anthracite coal a few miles, from the mountains to the Lehigh. The telegraph had not been thought of. In that day, the severing of a pastoral relation was no light matter; and removal to the prairies a greater undertaking than a voyage to China would be now.

The journey occupied forty days' actual travel, not counting stoppages. It would have been longer, but for the National Road, now scarcely ever named, which it was then thought had secured certain immortality for Henry Clay. At Wheeling, he shipped his gig and his effects by river to St. Louis, lightened his carriage, and had a spare horse, on which they rode by turns. They passed through Chilicothe, Ohio, to Maysville, Lexington and Frankfort, Kentucky, where they visited near relatives, whom they had never seen. They visited Ashland, the home of Clay, with patriotic delight. Dr. Bergen preached at Frankfort, by request of Mr. Edgar, then pastor of that church. In Indiana, an effort was made to induce them to tarry, and seek no farther, but without avail. They crossed the Wabash on Tuesday afternoon, about three o'clock, and entered Ellison Prairie, which was their first view of a prairie. The houses upon the prairie were then sometimes more than twenty miles apart. On Saturday, about eleven o'clock, they reached Rock Spring, in St. Clair county, eighteen miles east of St. Louis. Here Mr. Bergen's mother resided, with her second husband, Mr. Kenner, who aided the Rev. John M. Peck in his seminary. Mr. Peck, the author of Peck's Gazetteer of Illinois, was the leading Baptist preacher in the state. He was as active and as much at home in public and political life as in the pulpit, and in both equally effective, so that many seeing him in the pulpit wished him never out of it, and seeing him out of it wished him never in it. He came to this state in 1816. He was an untiring friend of education, and a vigorous opponent of negro

slavery. The seminary building, as Mr. Bergen saw it, was a small, frame building, covered with clap-boards, unfurnished, and served for a school, a church and a seminary, whence preachers of the gospel were to emanate. In this house he preached twice, the Sabbath after his arrival, using notes, which led to a long and friendly discussion, in which Mr. Peck told him that "everbody in the west shoots flying." At Rock Spring he found a letter from the Rev. Mr. Ellis, urging him not to delay around St. Louis, but to come immediately north to Sangamon. On Monday, Mr. Bergen and his family called on Gov. Edwards, at Belleville, and found the household in mourning for his son-in-law, Hon. Daniel P. Cook, the first attorney general of the state of Illinois, and afterward its only member in the national congress. Mr. Bergen preached that night in Belleville, in a private house. On Tuesday, he drove into St. Louis, a dirty, dilapidated old French town, of bad repute, with a population of seventeen hundred inhabitants. By Saturday night, he reached Jacksonville, where half a dozen log houses and a log school-house constituted the entire village. There he found Mr. Ellis expecting him, and received a hearty welcome. "When I received your letter," he said, "it was the first ray of light which had dawned on me for the two years I have been laboring almost alone in this region of moral desolation. Come in, my brother, you and yours, and God bless you, and make you a blessing."

This Mr. Ellis was one of seven Presbyterian ministers, five of whom were in the southern portion of the state, who with Mr. Bergen were organized into a presbytery the following spring. He originally preached in Kaskaskia, but removed to Jacksonville in the spring of 1828. Subsequently he removed to Michigan, where he died, in 1855.

On Monday, Mr. Bergen parted with his family, they to accompany his parents home, twelve miles north of Jersey Prairie; he, to Springfield, where he was hospitably received by Major Iles, then recently married, and one of the four original proprietors of the town, of whom he is the only survivor. The town, when Mr. Bergen came to it, numbered about two hundred inhabitants, and thirty-five log houses, with a few frame dwellings, not more than four or five, painted in front only. The school house was a

small frame building, with broken door, broken windows, broken benches—a high seat in one end—a floor almost as dirty as a pig-stye—the whole elevated on blocks, as if to give free room for the hogs to root under the floor—standing on the east side of the public square. A Presbyterian church had been organized here, January 30th, 1828, by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, of nineteen members, who were all the Presbyterians known to live within a circle of twenty miles around the town. Five of them, all women, lived in the town. I shall touch a tender chord in the hearts of some present to-day by naming them: Mrs. Elizabeth F. Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, Mrs. Nancy R. Humphries, Mrs. Ann Iles and Mrs. Olive Slater. The original elders—John Moore, Samuel Reid, Isaiah Stillman and John N. Moore, lived in the country, at a distance of from three to twenty miles, in different directions. Eleven other members were received during the spring and summer. The organization was made in the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, a daughter of Col. John Nash, of Prince Edward county, Virginia, and widow of the Rev. John Blair Smith, D. D., who was made president of Hampton Sidney college, when his brother, Samuel Stanhope Smith, resigned that position to become the succesor of Dr. Witherspoon in the presidency of Princeton college. Mr. Bergen had known her at Princeton. She came to the west with her son-in-law, Dr. Todd, and after remaining five years in Lexington, Ky., removed to Edwardsville, in 1817, where the Rev. Salmon Giddings organized the church of Edwardsville, in her house. She wrote a letter, which was laid before the general assembly, and in consequence, two ministers, the Rev. Mr. Low, of New Jersey, and the Rev. Mr. Graham, of Virginia, were sent out, in 1820. When Mr. Bergen arrived, she was absent in New Orleans. On the afternoon of his arrival he called to see the other five female members living in town, who were both glad and sorry to see him. The Rev. Mr. Howe, from New England, with his wife, a man utterly unadapted to the west, had spent part of a year with them, and had gone back, after spending all that he brought with him except enough to take him away. The last place where he called was at Mrs. Slater's, the mother of Mrs. Jayne. It was Dr. Jayne who helped him the next morning to get one of the six frame houses of the

town, raised up from the ground on posts; for, said the Doctor, "I love that man, because he loves his family so much."

Two weeks later, after a fit of sickness at Jersey Prairie, followed by the sickness, first of one of his children and then of his wife, he took up his abode in his new home. His cousin visited him in December, and on opening the door, lifted up both hands, exclaiming, "Why, my cousin!" as he saw boxes in the room where the family lived and slept and cooked, filled up with harness, and two great dressed hogs which had been bought and given them, lying on another box, with their mouths wide open, with a great cob in them. Said Mr. Bergen, in his cheerful way, "Come in, come in, cousin! Never mind it!" It was the way of the country.

Mr. Bergen called on every family in the town, whether members of any church or not. He announced from the pulpit that he had come to live, labor and die among this people. On the second Sabbath in December, notice having previously been given through the county, he administered the communion; and at the close of the service, announced that he had come with his family to seek a home here—not to make an experiment, but to plant with their planting and to grow with their growth. He thought they ought to do one thing without delay. "*Let us rise up and build a house for God!*" He invited all who were disposed to do so, to meet the next evening in the school house, to deliberate and conclude upon it. The meeting was held, and a building committee was appointed, consisting of John Todd, Gershom Jayne, Washington Iles, David Taylor, John Moffitt, Samuel Reed and Elijah Slater. In a few days over six hundred dollars was subscribed—a more liberal act for the times than a hundred thousand dollars would be to-day. Mr. Bergen wrote to the Secretary of Missions; his appeal was published in the *Home Missionary*, and he received two hundred dollars as the response. He and Dr. Jayne then "scoured the town," secured a subscription of twelve hundred dollars in all, and it was decided to build of brick. Thomas Brooker, a brickmaker and stone mason was sent for from Belleville to do the work.

During that winter, Mr. Bergen visited Vandalia, and preached before the general assembly from the text, "Of the increase of

his government and peace there shall be no end." There he met Gov. Edwards; Col. Mather, afterward president of the state bank; Peter Cartwright, the Methodist pioneer; and George Fauquier, Esq., secretary of state, who offered him twenty acres adjoining the town plat on the southwest, including the site of the new state house, for seventy-five dollars, if he would build on it and live there. The offer was declined, on account of his unwillingness to live so far from his people—out of town, separated from it by a wide miry ravine, in a thicket of briars and hazel bushes.

On his return from Vandalia, in January, he went with Dr. Todd to the Moore neighborhood, where the North Sangamon church now is, twenty miles north of Springfield, and greatly enjoyed the expedition. John Moore, the patriarch of the Moore family, was a Virginian by birth, but emigrated in early life to Kentucky, while the Indians were still a terror to white settlers; where he planted Presbyterianism in the Green River country. He passed through the exciting revival at the beginning of the century, taking a warm and active part in it, but consistently opposing the extravagances by which it was marked. His wonderful knowledge of the deep things of God began with the study of an old, torn, coverless book which he found in the garret of his father's house—"Law–Death and Gospel–Life"—probably by Dr. Bellamy, which he read and re-read until its thoughts were inwrought into the texture of his soul. He was Mr. Bergen's trusted friend and companion on many a preaching tour. Once they rode together during the summer before the deep snow, one hundred and thirty miles north, to organize a church of twenty-six members, at Union Grove, in what is now LaSalle county. On their way home, they stopped at Holland's Grove, where now stands the large and pleasant town of Washington, east of Peoria. Nearly all the settlers within seven miles were present at a preaching service, for which they had made an appointment on their way up. That day a band of Pottawattomies arived—poor and filthy, their hunting shirts ragged, their blankets short and full of holes, their children almost naked—and by invitation attended worship, filing in one by one, Indian fashion, and taking their seats on the floor at Mr. Bergen's left hand, where they

gave an occasional grunt during the singing. At the close they filed out in the same order, at a signal from their leader.

When Mr. Bergen came to Illinois, the seven ministers and twenty-one churches in the state were connected with the synod of Indiana, which embraced all the territory in the northwest, west of Ohio. The presbytery of Missouri embraced our few ministers and churches on the Mississippi, above the mouth of the Ohio. The synod of Indiana, in October, before his arrival, divided the presbytery of Missouri, and formed the presbytery of Illinois, which they named Centre presbytery. Mr. Bergen was present at its first meeting, in Jacksonville, in March, 1829. At that meeting, Mr. C. L. Watson and Mr. Thomas Lippincott, the father of our present auditor of public accounts, were added to our ministry. Mr. Lippincott was the son of a Quaker in New Jersey, but became one of the first elders of the Jacksonville church, where he edited for a while a newspaper published at that place, which warmly espoused the side of freedom in the contest between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties, prior to the vote in 1824 on the question of a convention to amend the constitution. Mr. Bergen's first act as a presbyter was to compose a difficulty which had arisen between the Rev. Mr. Ellis and the Rev. Mr. Birch, at Jacksonville, as to which had the prior claim to minister to the church there. At this, the first meeting of the presbytery, incipient measures were also taken to found a college in Illinois,* for whose location there was a contest between Springfield and Jacksonville, which resulted in the establishment of Illinois college upon the site given for that purpose by Judge Lockwood.

During the summer of 1829, Dr. Jayne placed in Mr. Bergen's hands a copy of Dr. Lyman Beecher's six sermons on intemperance, which he read one by one to the people on six successive Sabbath afternoons. Curiosity about drunkenness in the east brought the people out. Mr. Bergen prepared the constitution of a temperance society, and after reading that well-known tract, Putnam and the Wolf, invited the congregation to sign the pledge. Eleven persons put down their names. In a short time there were more than fifteen hundred signers in the county.

*I am informed by the Rev. Dr. Sturtevant, President of Illinois college, that this statement, taken from Dr. Bergen's published recollections, is not strictly accurate.

This was the first temperance association in central Illinois, and probably the first in the state.

During the summer, also, preparations were made for building, by the burning of brick and the accumulation of material. At the outset, our Methodist brethren had smiled at the undertaking, supposing it chimerical. When they saw that it was made in earnest, they also circulated a subscription paper, and determined to build, but not with brick. While the brick for our church was making, in 1829, they might have put up their house and gained a year's time; but for some unexplained reason they did not. Mr. Bergen always believed that they were waiting to see whether we would fail at last, and so they would obtain possession of a better house than their own was designed to be. In the summer of 1830 both houses went up at the same time, neither of them suffering from the rivalry. The brick church was finished first, and the Methodists invited to use it until the completion of their own. This was the first brick church in Illinois—there were two stone churches, both Roman Catholic, near St. Louis—and it occupied the site of the present German Lutheran church, on Third street, between Washington and Adams. It was thirty by forty-five feet. The corner stone was laid August 15th, 1829, and it was dedicated to the worship of the Triune God on the third sabbath of November, 1830. It had circle-headed windows, an arched ceiling, a pulpit with balulstrade, black walnut seats, and a large flat stone for a platform at the door.

Upon its completion, Mr. Bergen delivered in it during the winter a course of learned lectures upon church history, in which he aimed to refute a popular prejudice of the day, which attributed to the Presbyterian church a purpose to unite church and state. Allow me to call your attention again to the deep impression made upon his mind in early life, that the church and its officers have nothing to do with parties in the state. The warning of the lame Dr. Armstrong, uttered in the christian convention in New Jersey, called to consider what steps should be taken to secure the enforcement of the laws against Sunday mails and Sunday traveling, sank into his heart. "My brethren in the ministry," said the old man, with outstretched arm and finger,

"if ever the day of peril comes to the liberties and union of our God-saved nation, it will be when the professed ministers of Jesus Christ leave their proper work of preaching Christ and his cross, and mingle in party politics, in works of strife, and set themselves to reform men by force or physical weapons." Mr. Bergen's training rendered the course of John M. Peck, and especially Peter Cartwright, exceedingly distateful to him. In closing his series of lectures, he gave voice to his disapproval of ministers of the gospel seeking political offices, and "going around the country mounting political stumps and riding political hobbies" These words created a prodigious sensation. Cartwright was then a candidate for the legislature; so was Mr. John T. Stuart; both of them in the same party—Mr. Stuart by regular nomination, Mr. Cartwright as a volunteer. Mr. Bergen, however, was not aware of the fact. An attack upon the lecturer appeared in the little sheet, the only newspaper which Springfield or northern Illinois could boast. The writer charged that these lectures against a union of church and state were only a *ruse de guerre*, to blind the eyes of the people; that these educated ministers had come from the east to throw western preachers in the shade; that they were building a college at Jacksonville to raise a heap of them to sprinkle the country all over; and that the gentleman used the withering influence of his eloquence to blast the prospects of Cartwright. The consequence was a warmly contested canvass, the election of Mr. Stuart, and great benefit both to Mr. Bergen and the Illinois college.

This was the winter of the deep snow, which began to fall on Christmas eve, and continued to deepen for nine weeks, until it averaged four or five feet in depth, bringing with it great merriment and great suffering.

I have dwelt perhaps too much at length upon the memory of these ancient times, to bring out in vivid colors the contrast between the past and the present. The time allotted to this discourse is fast slipping away, and I must be more brief during the remainder of this narrative.

The indications of growth were such as to induce Centre presbytery in less than two years from its organization, to request the synod of Indiana to take measures to have a synod of Illi-

nois formed. The assembly of 1831 divided Centre presbytery into three presbyteries, called Illinois, Kaskaskia and Sangamon, after its three internal rivers, and ordered these three, with the synod of Missouri, to meet and organize the new synod. Synod met in Hillsboro, Sept. 15th, 1831, and Mr. Bergen was chosen moderator. Mr. John Tillson, an elder in the church and owner of a large, new, two-story double brick dwelling house, entertained twenty-five members of synod, some of them with their wives. The entire attendance was thirty-four ministers and elders.

The first settlers of Illinois organized no Congregational churches. Both ministers and members of the Congregational body united with presbytery, on their arrival here, under what was known as the "Plan of Union." There were, therefore, three elements of disturbance in the church: First, political differences, mostly relating directly or indirectly to the vexed question of African slavery; second, doctrinal differences, whose nature I hinted at a while ago; third, different views of church polity, one party favoring voluntary association for missionary and educational ends—the other preferring formal ecclesiastical action. Out of these three elements grew the division of the church in 1837-8. In all this contest, the newly constituted synod had to bear its share, and Mr. Bergen was a prominent actor in it all. At the second session of synod, in Vandalia, he was sent north to visit several Congregational brethren, who had failed to connect themselves with presbytery, and persuade them to do so—a mission in which he was successful. Chicago was then a murky swamp. At the third session of synod, in Jacksonville, a tedious litigation began, connected with a minister of combative temperament, who resided near Illinois college, and between whom and some of its professors a dispute sprang up, concerning which I need not say more. This year also a movement was set on foot for revolutionizing some of the churches and turning them over to Congregationalism. At the fourth session of synod, in Springfield, Edward Beecher, moderator, the anti-slavery agitation in the church commenced, which culminated in 1837, the year of that fatal tragedy at Alton. In 1838, the synod divided; the majority went with the new school assembly;

Mr. Bergen, with the minority, adhered to the old, and he in his capacity as stated clerk, retained the possession of the synodical record.

During this period, in spite of these difficulties the church grew and increased. During these six years, Mr. Bergen himself organized six churches; one at North Sangamon, in 1832; one at Sugar Creek in 1833; in the same year, one at Lick Creek; one at Farmington, in 1834; and in 1835, two—one at Irish Grove, and the second church of Springfield. These were all on the ground originally occupied by the church of Sangamon. The number of presbyteries also was doubled.

The year 1834 was marked by a revival—the first in this city. More than half the members and elders of the church had been organized into new churches. But two elders were left, of whom Mr. Elijah Slater was one. A weekly prayer-meeting for the descent of the spirit of God had been maintained all winter, but it was not until May that these prayers were visibly and gloriously answered. The Rev. Messrs. Hale and Baldwin had started across the Illinois river on a preaching tour, but were detained by high water, and turned back. They called at Mr. Bergen's house one afternoon and asked him, "Brother, is there any work for us to do here?" He sent out notice through the town, and a protracted meeting commenced that afternoon, at 5 o'clock. On the third night, there were more than fifty who remained as inquirers after the benediction. At the close of two weeks, some thirty had professed conversion, and the church was greatly revived.

In June after the revival, the trip to Chicago already mentioned took place. On Mr. Bergen's return, a copy of certain resolutions was handed to him, thanking him for his past services, and requesting him to settle over the church as pastor. This he was unwilling to do just yet, on account of his interest in his missionary work. He promised to take it into consideration. Meanwhile some dissatisfaction on the part of a few of the members led to a small meeting of men only, one Wednesday night, the February following, at which it was decided to inform him that they thought they had better have another minister. He asked that a meeting of the congregation might be called, on Sat-

urday night, to ascertain their mind, and wrote out his resigna tion, but the congregation with only nine dissenting votes solicited a continuance of his ministerial services. In this move ment the second church originated. On the 24th of February, a paper signed by eighteen persons was transmitted to the session, giving notice of an appeal to presbytery; but before the presbytery met, the minority consented to form a new organization. Thirty persons were dismissed for this purpose; Mr. Bergen officiated; and his action was subsequently confirmed.

The period between the organization of the second church and the division in 1837–8 was marked by the acceptance on the part of Mr. Bergen of a call to the pastoral office, at a salary of $400, increased in 1837 to $600. He was installed Nov. 25th, 1835. There were some changes in the eldership. Mr. James L. Lamb and Mr. Joseph Torrey were added to the session. The venerated elder Slater was called home. Col. Mather, from Vandalia united with the congregation—a noble hearted man—and proposed the erection of a new church and the gift of the old one to the colony. Immigration was great, money abundant, and the people over-confident. The leading men of the congregation determined to give themselves to business that year, 1836, and build on a large scale the year following. The second church decided to build immediately. Before they completed their building the crash came—and our building was necessarily postponed, which gave them a fine chance to grow.

The schism of 1837–8, combined with the influence of hard times, which now set in for several years, exerted a most disastrous effect upon Presbyterianism in this state. The new school had the American Home Society to back its missionaries, and guarantee them $400 a year. The old school Board of Domestic Missions had so many feeble churches on its hands, that it could not give more than $100 or at the outside $200 a year to sustain one missionary. The old school was seriously crippled. Its strength lay chiefly in Sangamon and McDonough counties. The college at Jacksonville fell to the New School and Congregational party. The old school temporarily adopted McDonough college at Macomb; but although it was the ambition of Dr. Ber-

gen's life to see an old school Presbyterian college in this state, he died without the sight.

In 1840, talk of building a church was renewed. A revival of religion, under the preaching of the Rev. James Gallagher, in the new second church, was followed by a revival in the first, in which Rev. Mr. Galt and Rev. Mr. Little assisted Mr. Bergen. At the close of this meeting, the necessity for a a new house was apparant to every one, and at a congregational meeting a resolution to that effect was adopted. The ladies subscribed $1000; $15,000 was subscribed in all; and on the 23d of May, 1842, the corner stone was laid of the building which we left to come hither. Said Mr. Bergen upon that occasion, "The almighty architect who planted the foot of his compass in the centre of illimitable space—laid the foundation of the earth--spanned and spread the arc of heaven—said let there be light and there was light—also said, "On this rock," which is Christ, "I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it!" Into the copper box sealed up within the stone he cast a damask rose, as an emblem of immortality. At the dedication, November 9th, 1843, he preached his famous "banner sermon." Unfortunately, the church was not out of debt at the time of its dedication, and he afterwards put it upon record that he would not officiate again under like circumstances.

In the new house, on Sabbath evenings, he delivered a series of discourses upon prophecy, in opposition to the prevalent expectation, among many, of the instant bodily appearance of the son of God to reign on earth. Some prepared their ascension robes, some were excited to the point of insanity. The argument in these sermons was, that as many of the prophecies are unfulfilled the end is not yet. The house was greatly crowded during their delivery.

On the fourth of July, 1847, Mr. Bergen preached a sermon upon the Mexican war, which excited some opposition to him. In the winter, however, after a visit from the Rev. Mr. Calhoun, of the Beyroot Mission, there ensued a revival of religion, which was deepened and intensified by the preaching of the Rev. R. V. Dodge, in March.

Mr. Bergen was now nearly sixty years of age. He had been

preaching to this people for twenty years. Mr. Dodge's preaching had given great acceptance, and it was felt by many that it would be well to call Mr. Dodge to be co-pastor with Mr. Bergen. This proposition so wrought upon his mind as to lead him to resign his pastoral charge. Without entering into the painful memories of that time, I may say that Mr. Bergen's diary through all this troubled season evinces no other spirit or purpose than that of a man perplexed, overwhelmed, but anxious only to know the will of God and to do it. The majority of the church sustained him. After the resignation, twice refused by the presbytery, had been renewed for the third time, it was accepted and the pastoral relation dissolved, on the 27th of September, 1848. The presbytery at the same time entered upon its minutes a resolution declaring that they considered Brother Bergen, during the long period which that relation had existed, to have held a reputation and then to hold a reputation for piety, ability, and excellence of character, which seldom attaches to any pastor.

The dissensions in the church consequent upon this event led to the organization of the Third church, in February, 1849, and the installation of Mr. Dodge as their pastor, on the 2d day of August. This position he filled to the satisfaction of his congregation for eight years.

With Mr. Bergen's resignation, now more than twenty-three years past, his active life ceased. From this time he devoted himself to writing for the press and to missionary effort among feeble churches, here and there. During the twenty years of his life in Illinois, about five hundred members had been received into the church in Springfield, and six churches organized in the county. He had expended during his ministry here more than four thousand dollars of his private property. Many wondered whether he would not live to regret his resignation; but he never did.

During the closing years of his life, he organized a number of additional churches. Several times he was chosen commissioner to the General Assembly, where, in 1861, the year of the war, he voted for what are known as the Spring resolutions.

His wife died in October, 1853. In November, 1857, he mar-

ried again, and his widow is present with us to day as a mourner. In 1854, the degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon him by Centre college, at Danville, Kentucky. He was for many years a director of the Theological Seminary of the Northwest, at Chicago. He took an active part in the reunion movement in the church and attended the first preliminary meeting of the two branches held in the state of Illinois, at the second Presbyterian church, Bloomington, Illinois, in April, 1865. He was again made moderator of the reunited synod of Central Illinois, in July, 1870, at its first meeting in the first Presbyterian church, Bloomington.

He received the first serious warning of his end in May, 1870, at Auburn, where he preached from the text, "In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." After the sermon, he was attacked by paralysis, and supposing that he would never recover from the attack, or at least that he would never be able to enter the pulpit again, he remarked that had he known it, he would have delivered the same sermon. He did recover, however, and preached three times afterwards; the last time, on the occasion of leaving our former house of worship, near the Chicago & Alton depot, from the words, "Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me to do thy will, O God." Before his death he attended the services of the third Presbyterian church one Sabbath morning and was much gratified to see the attendance and interest of the congregation. On last Sabbath, the Sabbath before his death, he attended church twice—in the morning here, at night he went to hear Mr. Shaw. That night, he talked long about the question before the congregation, of free or rented pews, and said that although he himself preferred the system of rentals, he deprecated strife and desired to prevent the re-opening of the subject, if possible. With this feeling he designed to call the following day on the pastor and some of the leading members. After retiring, he renewed the conversation, with his wife, and was led to review the whole history of his life, recognizing the hand of divine providence at every step, and praising God for his trials as well as for his triumphs. This outburst lasted until after midnight. On Monday he rose, breakfasted, said that he felt well, and that he would

attend the congregational meeting, he thought, that night. At nine o'clock the arrow of death struck him. In an instant, he lost control of his right side and the ability to speak or to swallow. He was heard to say in an indistinct voice, "Great grace!" and afterward, "Blessed!" showing that he understood the nature of the attack and wished to express his acquiescence. By signs and pressure of the hand and smiling glances of the eye, he endeavored to convey his meaning. When I repeated to him the verse,

"Sweet to lie passive in thy hands,
And know no will but thine,"

he nodded assent. He nodded also in reply to a question, "Do you find God faithful to his promises?" When I said to him, later, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your mind and heart, through Jesus Christ," he raised his head from the pillow. He clearly recognized his daughter from Alton, when she arrived, Monday night, and caressed her with his left hand. After lingering in a semi-conscious condition with labored breath and fluttering pulse for two days and part of two nights, his ransomed spirit returned to God who gave it, at two o'clock on Wednesday morning. His death was glorious.

It is needless to speak of Dr. Bergen's spirit to those who knew him. In one word, it was *love*, such love as made him willing always and everywhere to sacrifice himself, a love manifested in the most wonderful charity for those who differed in opinion from himself, and in a joyousness through life like that of a child.

The question for us as a church is, shall his mantle of christian affection fall on us? Being dead, he yet speaketh, and his admonition is that of John the apostle, "Little children, love one another!"

FUNERAL DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF

REV. JOHN G. BERGEN, D. D.

IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SPRINGFIELD,

BY THE PASTOR,

REV. JAMES A. REED.

JANUARY 17, 1872.

"LIKE AS A SHOCK OF CORN COMETH IN HIS SEASON."—Job v. 26.

In the presence of these venerable remains, dear friends, I feel more like being a mourner than a speaker. In some indefinable sense I seem to rise as if to minister at the funeral of my own father. Though our acquaintance has been comparatively brief, considerably less than three years, yet in that short time I learned not only to esteem Dr. Bergen, but to love him almost as a son loves a father. Often have we taken sweet counsel together, and in most cordial agreement and confiding sincerity have had our conversation. Everything about the man; his noble, generous bearing, his unselfish character, his scholarly attainments, his clear apprehension of Scriptural truth, and above all his cheerful, winning piety that spoke out so, and so beamed from his very face, has made an impression on my mind that will not soon be effaced or forgotten. I feel to-day, as we commit his remains to the grave, that I have lost a friend, a companion and a counsellor; one whose approving smile I shall miss here in the sanctuary, and the grasp of whose friendly hand I shall feel no more.

While under this feeling of personal bereavement, I would rather receive than give the consolations of the Gospel in this hour, yet even here I can realize that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" more blessed to give that consolation in sorrow which goes like a soothing blessedness to the depths of the heart, and sheds an oil of gladness through the wounded spirit. Great as is the blessedness of having sympathy extended to us, there may be an equal and greater blessedness in extending it; in weeping with them that weep, even as Jesus wept in tender sympathy with the sisters of Lazarus.

The death of Dr. Bergen is, we feel, no ordinary bereavement. Though he has "come to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season," still we are loath to part with the "shock of corn." The fruit of this handful, so early planted in our midst, does wave so like Lebanon that we could devoutly wish the hours more slow that take him from our love. It is not a bereavement in which we meet to mingle our sorrow, merely with a weeping family, but one in which our grief is common; the grief of a congregation that esteemed and loved him, and of a community in which he was widely known, honored and respected. For more than forty years has this good man walked in your midst as God's servant, a living witness for his truth; a bright and a shining light. For more than sixty years he has been a watchman on the walls of Zion, most of that time in this city. He came among you in the prime of his ministerial life, when you were a very poor and a very small people; when as yet the foundations of better things were scarcely begun. He came not as the world's pioneer to lay the foundations of mere temporal things, but as God Almighty's pioneer to lay the foundations of better things, even the things that accompany salvation. He came among you with a commission to look after the interests of God's kingdom in this prairie land. And so faithfully and long has he been about his Master's business here, that he has been known for many years past as the "Old Man of the Prairie." His face and name are familiar in almost every nook and hamlet of the surrounding country. He has organized churches, and told the story of Jesus and his love in them, till this western wilder-

ness has, in a measure at least, been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

What we are doing here now, as a denomination, is in a good measure reaping the fruits of this good man's labors; taking in the harvest of his own sowing.

I have not the time, nor is this the occasion to enter upon even a brief sketch of his long and useful life. This will be deferred to another occasion, and be given by one who has known him longer, and is more familiar with the history of his life and labors. I am only familiar enough with his history to know that in his death we mourn no ordinary bereavement, and experience no common sorrow.

Only a few weeks ago, he preached from the pulpit of the Old Church, as we were about to leave it, that last but logical, clear and pungent discourse, which he called his farewell to the Old Church, and possibly to us. Little did we think as we listened to his strong clear voice, and his forcible presentations of the truth he so loved, that "the silver cord would so soon be loosed, and the pitcher broken at the fountain." Little did we think as he sat in the sanctuary last Sabbath, here in the morning, and at the Second Church in the evening, that he would so soon be here cold in death.

But here to-day lies the form that last Sabbath sat upright in yonder pew. Here are the closed eyes whose gaze I caught amid the morning services, and the silent lips that I saw move to the praises of Zion. They are still now. "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep," that form will never rise again, till it rises a glorious form, fashioned in the likeness of its Redeemer. That tongue that has so long told the "story of the cross," will speak not again till it moves to the notes of the conqueror's song above the skies. These hands that have so often broken unto you the emblematic bread of life, will never move again till they move to heaven's harp strings, and are extended to meet us and welcome us to our Father's House. He has left us, but only like a star that is set to shine on other spheres. Only like a vessel that has sailed beyond our vision here to be hailed and welcomed on other shores.

But while we may not suppress our grief at his loss, how little of melancholy and gloom is mingled with our sorrow. How it

helps to lift the burden of grief from the sorrowing heart, to feel assuredly that "we mourn not as those who have no hope." The death of one who has lived the life, enjoyed the experience, and given the testimony of Dr. Bergen, can have nothing of gloom about it. Taken suddenly as he was, so that he scarcely spoke afterward, appearing unconscious for the most part, what a relief to know that he was fully prepared, ready for his departure. While we mourn his loss, and feel sad that we shall see his kind, benevolent face no more, yet how all this is relieved by the assurance we have in his life and experience that all is well with him. Who doubts that religion was a reality with Dr. Bergen? While he made no claims to human perfection, yet who that knows the man, and his manner of life; his love of the truth; his faith; his devotion to the Master's cause, and his intelligent, happy, joyous experience, can doubt that his anchor of hope was cast sure and steadfast among the immutable things of God. How little the gloom and oppression of feeling, that hangs over the last end of the skeptic and unbeliever, have to do with this funeral scene. How peaceful the grave where he sleeps. How calm and undisturbed his repose. With what cheerful resignation we can give him up, knowing his well founded hope, his established confidence in the loving Saviour he so long preached, and his readiness and willingness to depart and be with Christ which is far better. We know that though his end was sudden, yet the midnight cry found him ready. He had not his preparation to make, his lamp to trim and fill with oil amid the struggles of his dying hour. Dr. Bergen was always ready. His religion was that of one who had taken to himself the whole armor of God, and with cheerful expectancy, and confident of victory, was awaiting the final conflict. Death had no terrors for him. He looked forward to it as an event that was but the opening of the door to his anticipated heavenly rest. This absence of the fear of death in his case, was no feigned effort to cover up an ill-founded hope, but that absence of fear that finds all its relief in believing the precious truths of the Gospel. It was no part of his religion to keep off the fear of death by an effort to persuade himself that his relations to God were not such as are here revealed in his word, and that his future happiness was not dependent on his acceptance

of the faith once delivered to the saints. His calmness and resignation, in view of a change of worlds, was not the silence of that haughtiness, and proud unbelieving, stoical indifference, that disdains to quail before the Most High, and refuses to regard its destiny in the light of his truth. While he was well versed in science and philosophy, it was not in a science or philosophy that is wise above what is written. He did not calm his soul in the prospect of death and eternity, by a studied effort to banish from his mind the revealed sinfulness of the human heart and its natural penal consequences in that day when all hearts shall be judged. But accepting the clear scriptural statement of the derived and actual sinfulness of his nature, without diminishing aught from it, or attempting to relieve his intellectual conception, or his heart of an atom of its deserved condemnation, fully accepting the provision made in the Gospel for his salvation through the precious blood of Christ, he could say, with a significance, that carried conviction with it, "Oh death where is thy sting? Oh grave where is thy victory?" His peace of mind was essentially the peace of God, which passeth knowledge, and which flows from a true apprehension and a blessed experience of the Gospel.

Thus ready, he was always ready, waiting for death with a smile, as for the advance of an already conquered foe. How often has he spoken to us of the gathering infirmities that warned him of the stealthy approach of the last enemy, and yet with what composure and cheerfulness! In his religious experience he was always joyous, though not extravagant. You never found Dr. Bergen gloomy or melancholy. He was always the same. His religious life was not like an uneven, troubled sea, the waves now rolling high and dancing in the sunshine, and then sinking low in the trough of the sea, raking the sandy bottom. He was not revelling one day amid the fervors of religious enthusiasm, and the next despondent and gloomy, crying, "Who will show us any good?" Nor was he in his spiritual being like the stillness of a lake unruffled by a breeze, in which vessels lie becalmed, but rather as the living, running water of a deep, broad river, moving majestically, and flowing on steadily to the sea.

His clear intellectual perceptions of the truth made him a wise

instructor. His devotion to the Master made him an earnest, faithful laborer, and as he now goes to his reward, it is, we feel, to "return again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." While, like Whitfield, he died silent, unable with his last breath to give his testimony for Christ, yet, like Whitfield, he could afford to die silent. He needed no dying testimony with which to supplement his living testimony. The testimony of a long and useful christian life speaks, and speaks well for him. Of him it may be truly said, "He being dead yet speaketh." Many are the monuments of his labors in this western land. These churches, not only of the city, but of the surrounding country, speak of him, and speak for him. The children of three generations may here rise up to call him blessed. The cause of Christ, the cause of temperance, of education, of morality and of humanity, all speak of him. His name is blended alike with the interests of church and State. Others may have possessed talents marked by more brilliancy perhaps, but few have possessed such a combination of valuable endowments fitted to carry them through life with usefulness to society and glory to God. His serene and venerable aspect, his overflowing kindness, his prompt and generous interest in other's wants and sorrows, and the whole bearing of his life betrayed the commerce of his soul with heaven, and left the impression on every heart, "Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth."

This dear, good man is gone to his reward. Full of years and usefulness, he is gathered to his fathers. Life's work is done and well done. We lay him, amid the depths of his life's last winter, in the silent grave, to see his face no more. "Like the snow that falls in the river—a moment white, then melts forever," he passes from our sight. We shall miss him; miss him here; miss him in his home; miss him everywhere till we meet him on the shining shore. Till then let us remember the words he spoke while he was yet with us, and go strengthened from his tomb to live his life, and die his death, and reach his crown.

Dear afflicted friends, you know who is able in the darkness of your bereavement to give you comfort. Though the presence of this loved one will no more be with you, to cheer you in life's journey, there is a voice of a "friend that sticketh closer than a

brother," whispering in this, your hour of sorrow, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you." Oh with what winning words of comfort does that blessed Saviour meet us in our darkest hour. Lean upon him now; confide in him; lay your hand in that of his, and trust him to lead you through the shadows. Your affliction is from his hand who never afflicts willingly, but for our profit that we may be partakers of his holiness. It is his will who doeth all things well. Do not murmur or complain, but look up and say, "Thy will be done." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." I have seen it related somewhere that a gardener was entrusted by his master with the care and keeping of a rare flower, which he watched with special affection and unwearying care. One morning, as he came into the garden, he missed it. His beautiful flower had disappeared, and he was deeply grieved. He stood in tears looking at the broken stem. Presently he was told that the master of the house had taken it. He was then silent and comforted. Dear, sorrowing friends, if husband and father is gone; if the light of your hearts and your home has disappeared; if the flower you have so long and tenderly cared for has been taken, be comforted with the thought that the Master has taken it; that your treasure is in his hands; that,

> "While you weep as Jesus wept,
> He shall sleep as Jesus slept;
> With his Saviour he shall rest,
> Crowned, and glorified and blest."

And what shall I say now, my hearers, that will add to the touching appeal this good man's death makes to us all? What a lesson we have here on the influence of an earnest, useful, christian life. See what results flow from a heart and life consecrated to the Master's service; what sheaves are to be gathered from such sowing and weeping. These cold lips, so eloquent in life, seem to speak to us in death: "Go thou and do likewise." It is the life that most blesses, that is the most blessed. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars in the firma-

ment forever." We may live to die old as the man that now lies before us; live till we stand almost alone, and to be numbered among the men of ancient times, carrying all the weight and dignity of years, and yet have lived to little purpose, even so little as to be unprepared to die. How the words of the sainted bard of Israel, which he struck to the sad notes of his heaven-strung harp, appeal to us in the presence of these venerable remains. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." It is not a long life that is so much to be coveted as the life that prepares one for a better world. "Gray hairs are a crown of glory if they are found in the ways of righteousness." There are many old men here to-day, and let me say that your life, old as you may be, is but the infancy of your being. Your manhood is beyond the grave. Its rewards or punishment are beyond the tomb. This life is but the theatre for the formation and development of a spiritual life: the preparation for eternity, and,

> "That future life in worlds unknown,
> Must take its hue from this alone."

The character which can alone fit us for the highest usefulness, and the greatest happiness hereafter, is the religious character; the character which can only be formed by dethroning the mind of sin, and bringing the soul into vital contact with the elevating principles of the Gospel of Christ. This life is but the first link in the chain of an endless existence, and everything depends on what we make this first link. The character of this life connects us with the ever ascending chain of progressive joy or the ever descending chain of progressive misery. Oh, my hearer, what are you making of this little link of probationary life that determines all your future? How are you projecting your destiny? As the tree falleth, so shall it lie. It is certain that your tree of life shall fall, but which way shall it fall?

There are times when it is the part of wisdom to pause in silence and hearken to the voice of God.

As we lay the remains of this venerable man, this servant of Christ, full of years, in his grave, let us hear the Spirit's warning, "Be ye also ready." Let us remember, whether old or young, that

"the time is short," too short to trifle; too short to waste; too short to delay or procrastinate. "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation."

"Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?"